s paupilon and they dyd so
dyll I shew to you howe
d castell was closed & sett
of it was lyeng a grete ri
side it had evyn at hande a
other side it hath a fayr pla
a full fayr medowe grete & playsaut
the sorce of the kyng Charlemayn
laghted on horsback with a fe lo
of the castell & what he had
ase, he began to saye in hym
closed & set in a stronge place
Well the craft of werre not
yong folke / Fayr lordes
be haue somwhat more to do
upone the centre of ye hym
set a chargeyell and ye
stone full precyous was sit
with the same a grete appull
and whan the said centre wer
made the dy
charged hym ye no man of their
of eyght dayes. but it doeur
dyll so fynde thruge all ye
Sytaylles nor grete habitacions
the castell of montesorre be so assayled and
shall my cosyns be so oppressed to thynke ye the place god
that he dyll helpe them to be auenged of the foure sonnes of ay
mon / the whych wyll shall fynde ayde or counsayll to kepe it in myght
for they shall not come saufly no Sytaylles from wyll ouer
by no dayge. Thanne sayde the duke Mayence to the kyng

E iij

hands your swords for to make of hym his playsur and his
will. And yf he will not so do Charlemayn defye yow &
forth that ryght he shall send you Dun the tyme that he shal
be come to Paris all. And when he shall have you he shall
make you all to be hanged and deye an euyll deth
dyeth ever. Amen.

When they vnderstode thise wordes he wexed all
red for wrathe and these he sayd to the duke Mayner.
Syr he sayd I olde to all my frendes yf it were not y
you I shall bete you both to dethe all to gyder
and yet shall he dere it for you haymer are my nyese
and he my sonne and ye ought bothe to helpe & sa-
ther my worshyp and not me. And ye nolle counseyll me to my grete
profyte. I defye you bothe. Tell to Charlemayn that
he sholde not Conquere my londe and that he sende his
knyghtes where he can. For he shall not
be here. For here shall dye vpon the mountenaunce of a
myle. And goo ye to Charlemayn and saye that a fole that
he is shall have a greter nede of helpe than he shall
ever have. Goo fro our sight and forthe out of our pala
yf ye loue you lyues for ye shall have no more. When the
messengers vnderstode Reynalde they made
no delyberacion. but departed incontynente vp the
mount and came to Charlemayne & told him
all that Reynalde had sayd.

When the emperour Charlemayne vnderstode this anf
were he was sore angred that he bete his
knyghtes of his hyeste & there he comaunded that they sal
ryde to Montalbon to the whiche they sayd but three gades
were bone set afore the mayster gate there Reynalde found
gate of merueyll. there of Nature & ouer the dore And

E iiij

…for to make of hym his playsur and his
…ll not to seo Charlemayn defyeth you &
…shall leue you vntyl the tyme that he shal
… And whan he shall haue you he shall
…alhen & hanged and dye an euyll deth

…e vnderstode thyse wordes he wexed all
…and theise he sayd to the duk Maymes.
…olde to all my frendes. yf it were not y
…ethe you bothe to be helpen all to pces
…saued it. for you naymes are my nyeces
…seemeth ye ought̄er well to helpe & defen
… And ye nolle cōsayll me to my grete
…myn honeste. Tell to Charlemayn that
…apchased my wrodes and that he leue his
…worste that he can. For he shall not do
…thre tempynges the mountenaūce of a pe
…le-fyn in my behalue/ that a fore that
…ue a grete nede of helpe than he wen
…our fightes highely outen of our pala
…s sore greueth me to sore. Whan the
…per vnderstode Reynalde they made
… but departed inconuynente wythoute
…d ane come to Charlemayne & tolde
…at Reynalde had sayd:
…Charlemayne vnderstode this anf
…angred that he went almoste
…thene he cōmaūded that the cas
… to the lobiche they saw but thre gates
…ele Temper & foul
…r the dame/ And

afore the seconde gate was the duke of bourgoyne & therle of alphyndale, and afore the iij. gate was the old Aymon the fader of reynalde that was com to Charlemayn for to doer re ayenst his sonnes as thother / Nold doenelon the emperour to have besieged well reynalde & his brederen, but & god kepe reynalde my good lord. Charlemayne shall lese there more than he shall wynne / Reynalde & his brethern dyde suche skyrmysshes & so sage that they defended well their castell ayenst charlemayn, alwayes it was besieged duryng so grete pō ver of folke as I have sayd afore that it was merueylle to see / For there were bertons skyrmyssers pauisers crossbowes & thescryshoners but reynalde made ever dayly that tyme hym to wynne worshyp. For he sayd to his folke, fayre lordes I praye you that ye mo ute not upon your horses tyll that ye se the skyrmyssers go lose. For I se well that Charlemaynes folke ben ryght fortraueyled & nold whyle they ben thus werry / it were no worshyp to vs for to renne upon but whan they shall be a lityll eased of their werynes, we shall thenne make dylygē ce & worthyn our fyrst yssue upon them. And I praye you & requyre you all my generall, that every man serue therynne his power & strength. And upon it that my castell of montesorde was a halberdaye upon a rocke, thyder the nobly reynalde & his brederen wente ouer Rhyne contrē at all tymes that they wolde without daūger.

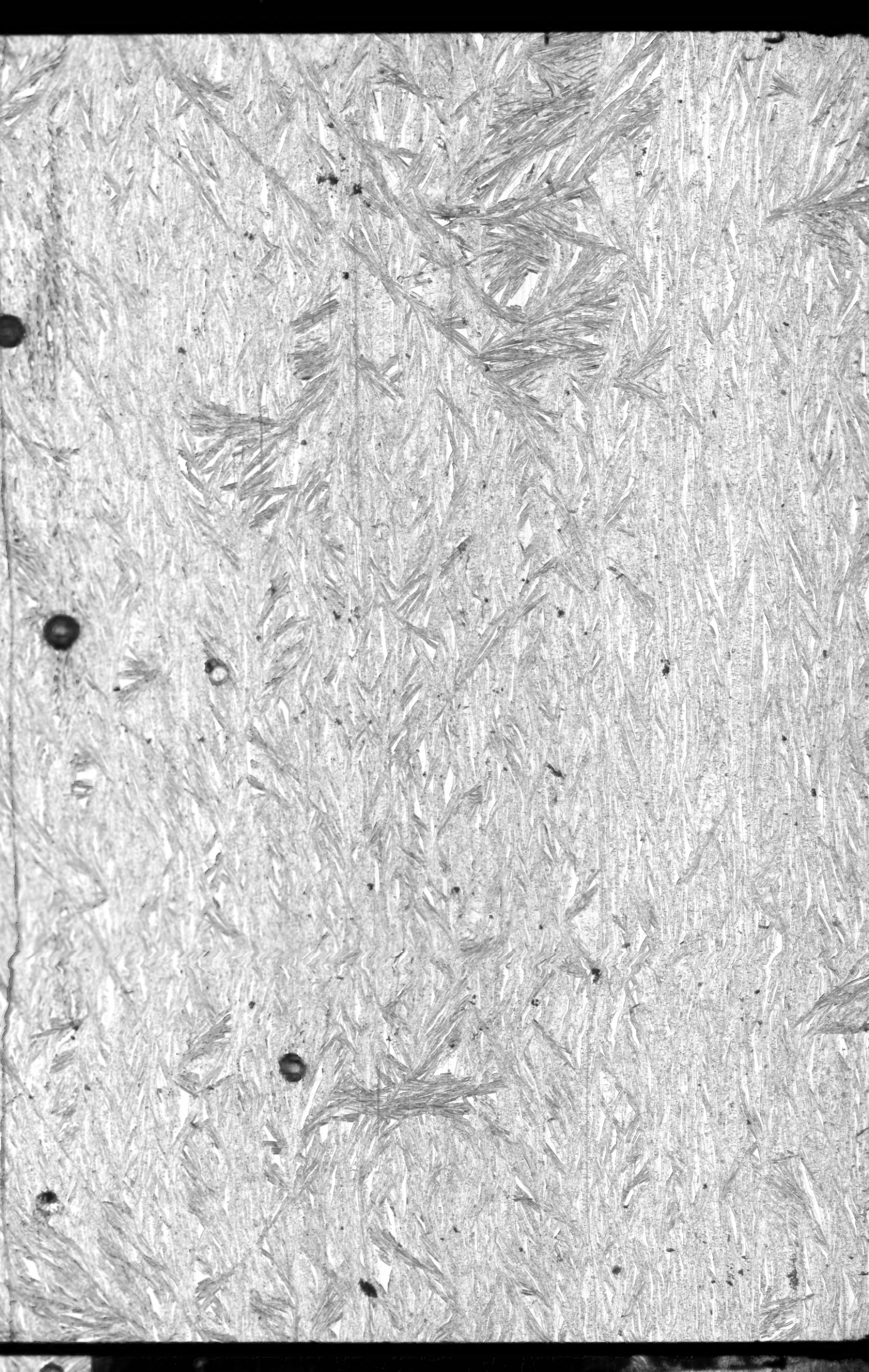
Whan reynalde sawe that it was tyme for to goo out upon their enemyes, he called to hym Alarmpsonne his sonne / this was a knyght a trusty man / was com thyder for to helpe reynalde & his brederen. And had with hym an hūdred knyghtes. reynalde sayd to hym / Syr it is no wysshyng that your enemyes knowe what we ben / for yf the tame lyon

ere the kyng charlemayne myght have vs of vnhardnes
And whan he had sayd these wordes he cam to his brother
guycharde & sayd to hym/ Fayr brother guicharde. leue not
for to be allwayes bolde & hardy as longe that I am man on
lyue. for I loue you as mocke as I do myn owne body. and
it is rayson that I do so/ for ye & I are brethern both of fadre
& of mode/ And also I beleue that ye be the best knyght of
my lygnage. And thenne he taketh hym bytwene his ar-
mes and kysseth him by grete loue / and whan he had don
thus he sayd / Syrs make the trompettes to blowe vp of
hyghth and let vs make redy ourselfe for to yssue oute for to
se the to Charlemayn what folke that we ben yf god wyll
that we myght take the erle of Estampes I shold be therof
right glader/ For it is the man amonge all oure enmyes
that hath moste doth to vs. that more hath hurted vs. hardy
he shall not scape vs for he is allwayes in ỹ forwarde wha
these wordes were fynysshed all the foure brethern and all
theym of theyr compayne arayed theym selfe and yssued o-
ute of the castell atte the fayrbraye without to make o-
ny noyse nor crye. And soo go they vpon the coost of Char
lemayne by soo grete wrathe that it was merueyll And he
ganne to make soo grete dystruccyon of folke and to caste
to the tentes & pauyllyons a grounde that it was wonder
& pite for to see/ and who had seen thene reynalde the wor-
thy knyght vpon his horse bayarde & the faittes of armes ỹ
he made vpon his enmyes shold haue grete merueyll for to
loke vpon hym. for that man ỹ he rencountred myght not a-
yde ỹ he was born in an euyll houre/ for to saye ỹ twuth reynalde
smote no knyght so ỹ his stroke cam nyght but that he clefte
hym as lightly as they hadde not ben armed & whan ỹ folke
of charlemayn sawe their enmyes they rane incõ pnet to their
harnes & whã they were armed they ranne vpon reynalde

& his folke. And ther began the batayll so cruell that it was pite for to see. For ye shold haue seen many speres bro ken and shyldes berstyn & clouyn a sonder/and many a good de haukbergyn brumpyd / coresettes & flancardes all to broste ryn and sore tetyn. And so many a goodly man and noble knyghtes dyeng full mysserably vpon the erthe. Whan the olde Aymon sirre the erle sr mouted on horsbacke also so. neon sr myght sr & his folke and cam to the batayll ayen sr his sonnes. And whan Reynalde apperceyued them his hart sr was right sory for it and sayd to his vncle. Sir sirre is a gerte meruylle for hym is our fadr and by my co sayll we shall make hym mume. For I wolde not for no thynge that none of vo sholde sette vpon hym. And then ne they torned at a nother syde of the batayll. But Aymon thesyr fadr cam there ayenst theym & began to sette sore hand vpon theym & theyr folke. And whan Reynalde sawe that his fadr leyd sore vpon theym & bare theym gret do. mage of theyr men sr sayd to hym all ay angred. Ha fadr what doo you certenly ye doo gret synne for ye shold helpe & defende & kepe vo and ye doo to vo worse than the other doo nolde I se. wolde that ye loue vs sore lityll & that ye sr dys plysed that we ben so vñ & so good men of armes ayenst Charlemayn for ñ ye haue forbanysshed vs. wolde we sino we it & that we shall neuer haue no thyng of your heryta ge and we haue made this lytll castell for to kepe our selfe therin and yet ye come hedr for to helpe it to sr dystroyed it ne no fayre worke but it is oultrage of the deuyll. Yf ye wyll doo vs noo good at lest doo vs no harme for I swere you vpõ all sayntes y yf ye com ony ferder ayenst vs I shall sorbere you no lenger / but I shall ryue you wyth my swerd such a strok y ye shall haue no leser for to trayte you of

the folie that ye do/ Whan Aymon vnderstode the wordes of his sone Reynalde. he toke therof so grete angre at his hert that it lacked litell but that he fell doun in a swoune to the erthe/ for he knewe well that Reynalde tolde hym trouthe/ But he coude do none other wyse for feere of Charlemayn. but alwayes he withstode the hym selfe abacke. and suffered his sones to passe by hym harmles atte that tyme/ The whiche wente ryde damnaged ryght sore the folke of kyng Charlemayne.

Duryng the tyme that Reynalde spake thus to his fader Aymon. cam Charlemayn and Aulbery Ogyer le dane Henry and Foucques of Morylloy. And whan Reynalde sawe theym come. He made his trompettes to be sowned for to bryng his folk togyder ayen. and whan they were assembled of one parte and of the other. a knyght of Charlemayn that was called Thiery made his horse to renne ayenste the folke of Reynalde/ And whan Alarde sawe hym come he spored his horse and cam ayenst hym and smote hym so harde in his shelde that he shoued a grete hauberke & he bare throughe his body of hym so that the sayd Thiery fel deed doun to therth/ And whan kyng Charlemayn sawe fal le deed his knyght thiery he was therfor so sore an angred that almost he lost his wytte & his vnderstandynge/ Thenne began he to crye with a hie voys. sayenge in this maner/ Lordes and barons delyuer you for to auenge me of these glotons that leden our folke so cursedly. See that that they ben well punysshed & sharply/ whan the olde aymon sawe charlemayn speke thus for doubte to be blamed he spored his horse and wente & smote one of his sones knyghtes & was named amaney so cruelly with his brauch of stele & he smote his hed clene of fro & sholders of hym fader cryed

Reynalde to hym ye do yll Iohan so cruelly ye slee my men but by the feyth that I owe to god yf I wolde not to hurte therby my honour I shold take therof cruel vengance of you And thenne sayd ayen the Sayaūt Reynalde/ha lady mo der holde shold ye be sori yf ye sawe the grete beestes & the gre te hayme that our fader doeth to vs this daye.

When Foulques of Moryllon herde that the folke of Reynalde mayntened theym self so worthily ayenst theym he began to crye. Syr emperour & kyng. What mea neth this/ I beleue that ye be forgotē/ sende for many of yo? re folke & cōmaūde them that they take incontynent ȳ trai tours that wolde feyne theym selfe ayenst your emmyes. and wythout delaye make them to be hanged & slayen all quyte When the fornsmen vnderstode this that foulques sayd to Charlemayne/ they made none other abydyng/ but spored their horses & smote vpon the folke of Reynalde soo harde ȳ they made them to recule back wolde they or not/ Iohan a large ladde his folke goo back & was ryght sory for it. and tolde his fader & began wyth his folke to make so grete e fors of armes that the fornsmen were all abasshed of it/ What shall I telle you more of this batayll/ wyte it that it was so merueyllous & cruell that it was pyte for to see for euery one made the worste that he coude the one ayenst thother. And wyte that the foure sones of Aymon made so grete occyson of men & of horses. that none durst come afore theym but none myght compare wyth Reynalde for to do well. For he made there so grete meruyll of armes ȳ the fornsmen durst not com forth for fere of hym. for to saye the trouth Reynalde smote no stroke a ryght . but that he slewe hym wher: wpon it lighted . What wyll ye that I tell you more/ wyte that in this batayl kynsmen nor parentes